Incalescent

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by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

“Will it ease your worries if I admit my own apprehension?” Hannibal asked. Will tilted his head back a little further to properly see him. “Not in regards to you… perhaps in regards to myself. Considering I am the common denominator in previously failed courting, it must be me and no one else at fault.”

Will's dating life hasn't gone so well. It's not that he's a bad Alpha; he's doting and caring and protective. It's just that he's not... dominant.

Notes

A gorgeous request by a lovely person who asked for a service top Will and a power bottom Hannibal in the ABO dynamic. We loved writing this so much, thank you for giving us the amazing idea, Umbrellamemos!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will was desperate. It had gotten to the point where he didn't know what to do with himself. He was the right age to bond, to find a mate, to breed and start a family, but every time he tried it… didn't go well.

There was nothing *wrong* with him, certainly not biologically, but it seemed that the Omegas Will met on dates wanted something from him he couldn't give them. He'd hoped, when he was younger, when he'd just presented, that it was a phase, something that would pass as easily as hopeless high school crushes. But it stuck around, as annoying and unnecessary as an octopus to the face after a particularly heavy wave at the beach. The fact of the matter was that Will didn't want to dominate his partner, he wanted to worship them.

And while a lot of Slick Flicks presented the romantic idea of a worshipful Alpha, Will had found that more often than not it was a fantasy rather than a genuine desire for many Omegas. They wanted attention and doting, of course, but they also wanted structure, discipline, protection. And Will could give them that, he could, but not in ways that would be considered conventional.

"Maybe you're just kinky?" Bev had asked once, when he'd confided in her over coffee. Bev was the kind of person who would listen and never tell, make fun of you forever, but always help. And that was what Will needed, really. "Maybe you just need someone to smack you or something."

"That's not helpful."

"But do you?" Bev pressed. Will sighed and shrugged, resigned.

"Maybe? I don't know. Why does it matter?"

"Because if that's what you need there's sites for that."

"What?"

"Yeah, fetish dating things. Same as Tinder but like, kinky."

"I haven't had the best of luck with *regular* Tinder," he pointed out, but she'd already stolen his phone.

And now here he was, staring at his crappy profile on *serviceknots.com* and waiting for the humiliation to wear off.

It never really did. That was the terrible part of online dating, it was intrinsically humiliating.

Beverly had taken the profile picture for him, and answered most of the questions, but it was Will's job to actually look at the matches he got.

The first match was a tiny little thing that looked like a strong wind would blow him over. Will wasn't opposed, exactly, but it wasn't quite what he was looking for.

The second match, on the other hand, was *exactly* his type. Tall, according to his bio, and broad shouldered. Big enough to play a little rough. Big enough that Will wasn't worried about snapping him in half. And his eyes stared the camera down. Dark, with a thin ring of gold around the edges. He'd taken the photo while in heat. Will was salivating.

He clicked the message option, fingers hovering over the keys. He didn't know what to say. He didn't have a clue how to impress this Omega straight out of his dreams.

He went with the old online dating standby: *hey.*

He tried not to think of how he would respond to a message as stupid as that and hoped for the best. This was an app *dedicated* to Alphas who wanted to serve, to be meek. Surely that would be an advantage for someone as awkward as Will was? Surely just one dumb word wasn't enough to screw up a match some algorithm had set up?

Hello.

Will nearly dropped his phone. He'd been expecting an answer in an hour, maybe, a little longer, not *right then.*

I see the algorithm finally fixed the flaws I'd reported. Nice to know my actual preferences were taken into account this time.

Will gritted his teeth and clung to his phone like a lifeline. He'd never felt so turned on in his life from a goddamn *text message* . He was too perfect already. How was he on this site at all if every Alpha in Will's position wanted someone like that to -

You're not fond of eye contact, are you? Your profile image is, amusingly, in profile.

Will swallowed. *Never been good at it,* he typed back, checking for errors before sending the message off. *Eyes show too much, or not enough. It's exhausting.* He waited a moment, considering whether or not to take a risk and make an utter fool of himself now or lead the poor man on and have him find out later. He cringed as he typed up the next part of his message and sent it before he could change his mind:

Your eyes pinned me. I had to sit down when I saw you, I've never felt anything like it.

The minutes seemed to stretch, though it could not have been very long at all. Will's palms were sweating when the next message came through.

It's good to know my picture had the intended effect. I wonder if your response would be similar in person?

Will swallowed around a thick lump in his throat. *In person I might end up on my knees.*

Honesty is an admirable quality. As is reverence. Perhaps a cafe then, for our first meeting. You'll arrive early, so you can be seated already by the time I do.

God. God, he was *perfect.* Will wanted to whine, completely unbecoming for an Alpha. His fingers fumbled hastily with his phone. *I like coffee. I'll buy yours.*

The man sent him an address. *I'll arrive at five tomorrow. You'll already be there, seated, with a black coffee and your drink of choice.*

Tomorrow may as well have been decades. Will couldn't agree fast enough. *Tomorrow, then.*

Will didn't tell Bev. He didn't want her to get him riled up and excited about something that could potentially fall through, but he spent all evening thinking about it. About *him* .

Neither had used their real names on the app, Will would have been surprised if anyone ever did, and he caught himself trying to guess what kind of name a man like that could have. Something regal. Old money. Generations of good breeding in the family.

Will never did match a name to him, but when he woke it was all he could think about.

The day dragged.

Will was tempted to reach out on the app again, just to talk, but felt that it wouldn't be welcome. All of this, everything, felt like some sort of test he had to pass and Will was terrified of failing. This could be quite possibly his last chance to find any sort of compatible match before he was forced to resign himself to playing a role for the rest of his life.

He couldn't screw this up.

He arrived at the café at quarter to five and ordered two coffees, black. He took a seat by one of the windows and with his back to the door. He couldn't be too eager, not here. But he felt shivers parading up his spine any time the café door swung open to admit someone or let someone leave.

"You look well." The voice was warm, accented, gentle. And Will felt like he was melting into an embrace just hearing it. He turned to look over his shoulder, taking in the man he hadn't been able to get out of his mind from the night before.

He was even more beautiful in person. Will wanted to sob.

"I'm not unwell," he quipped, and immediately wanted to kick himself.

The man smiled, just a small quirk of his lips. He stood close to Will, under the pretense of grabbing his coffee, but as Will watched his chest rose and fell with his inhale. *Scenting* Will.

Whatever he smelled, he liked. He settled in across from Will, sipping at his coffee. "You're nervous," he noted.

Will winced. It was that obvious?

"You needn't be," the man continued. "You've impressed me so far."

It was the faintest of praise, but Will's shoulders relaxed significantly. "Oh. That's good."

"You follow instructions well," The man said. "Your appearance and profile both meet my requirements. Your scent is more than acceptable."

His eyes flicked to Will's, pinning him. Will stared back, utterly lost. There was no gold at this time in his cycle, but Will could smell him, warm and rich and *fertile.* Perfect. An Omega worthy of worship.

The man's smile widened. He took another sip of his coffee. "Dr. Hannibal Lecter," he offered.

"Will," Will stammered. "Will Graham."

Hannibal nodded. "Yes, I think this will be fine. Tell me, Will, have you had an Omega before?"

Will laughed - nerves often manifested awkwardly. "I have," he admitted, drawing the tip of his finger around the edge of his coffee cup. "We never knotted, but I've helped partners through heats before."

Hannibal tilted his head, silent, and Will felt the question as though he'd spoken it against Will's ear, soft and warm: *why did you never knot?*

"There was always something missing," Will cleared his throat and sighed. "They asked things of me I knew I couldn't give them and… I can't… I can't in good conscience promise an Omega something I can't give them."

"Such as?"

Will opened his mouth to speak but his throat clicked and he closed it again. How could he say it? Aloud? In the middle of a public cafe where someone could overhear? It was wrong. Humiliating. Against nature. Will set his hand to the table, flat, and brought his other to rub his eyes.

"Dominance," he murmured softly. "I always wanted to give up control rather than take it, and that unnerved many. It made them feel unsafe." Will laughed then, another helpless, nervous noise. "Ironic, isn't it? That I was prepared to worship them, give them the world, and they felt unsafe unless I raised my voice and instilled rules."

He felt Hannibal watching him, that steady gaze that made Will feel at once warm and on the brink of something adventurous. Like a tandem plane jump with an experienced partner. Will bit the inside of his lip hard enough to ache and lifted his eyes to meet Hannibal's again. He found something there that he rarely, if ever, saw in the eyes of Omegas in his presence: longing. It made Will's breath catch.

"Have you -" Will caught his top lip between his teeth a moment. "Have you ever been satisfied by an Alpha?"

Hannibal's eyes went distant for a moment, sliding off of Will into a past only he could see. "I try not to suffer a heat alone," he said slowly, "but no, I've never been satisfied. There has never been an Alpha I've found worthy of allowing a knot. Too many who would have preferred to bring me to heel, to guide me with commands and discipline."

Will sucked in a breath. Hannibal's eyes found his again, warm and knowing.

"I much prefer to be the one instructing," Hannibal said, "And offering discipline, if necessary."

Warmth bubbled up in Will's stomach. Never before had he wanted an Omega so strongly. He could smell Hannibal, even from across the table, crisp and clean. He imagined he would taste just as refreshing, if Will could only drop to his knees and worship him the way he craved.

"You've said yourself, I follow instruction well." Will took a bracing sip of his coffee, struggling to cling to courage and bravery when his instincts screamed to supplicate himself. "I'm not sure how much discipline I'd need, but I suppose that would be up to you."

Hannibal's smile quirked ever so slightly wider. "Yes, I suppose it would. Rules, expectations, all of that would be in my hands, should we proceed."

It sounded perfect. Will swallowed. "I'd like that."

Hannibal considered him a moment more before inclining his head. It was such a strange juxtaposition of supplication and dominance, it suited him perfectly. For the rest of their meeting, conversation turned to less charged things. Work and career. Hobbies and down time. It was surprisingly easy to fall into step together, having known each other a grand total of five messages and forty minutes.

It spoke volumes.

"Perhaps you'd like to join me for dinner on Friday evening," Hannibal said, as they stood by the door ready to part. Will was fighting everything in him not to reach out and scent the Omega at his side. He blinked instead.

"Should I bring anything?"

"Just yourself." Hannibal's expression was serene, warm. It made Will smile.

"Friday, then."

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Hannibal was not due for his heat for at least another month, so there was no risk of something untoward happening between himself and Will the coming weekend - should they choose to spend that time together.

Coffee had been pleasant. Surprisingly so. When Hannibal had seen the Alpha's picture come up on the app that until that moment had proven utterly useless in catering to his needs, it had

given him pause. There was something in the tilt of his head, the elegant line of his throat that had Hannibal curious.

Finding another physically pleasing did not often guarantee a successful coupling, in Hannibal's vast and exhausting experience. And while he took his time to pry gently at the Alpha's preferences, he found himself aching for this to be someone worthy of his time.

He was tired. He was, in truth, lonely. And should he find no one during his fertile years, Hannibal knew he would have to settle with being alone for the rest of his life. He couldn't fathom submitting himself to an insipid Alpha who would parade his control before him like an endless torment.

But Will was promising. His scent complimented Hannibal's. He was submissive when expected to be, obedient when instructed. He'd looked at Hannibal with such very wide blue eyes.

Hannibal very much doubted that Will was the type to spring dominance on a partner after a few dates. He suspected that Will's desire for submission ran deep enough to even affect his response to a heat, and if so….

If so, then he was everything Hannibal wanted, a perfect match.

Will arrived early for dinner, and then sat in his car until seven, afraid to look too eager. He'd brought wine, a vintage he vaguely remembered from staff Christmas parties he'd been bullied into attending. When Hannibal ushered him inside, he took it with an approving hum.

"Good etiquette will go far with me," he assured Will. "I find rudeness distasteful."

Will pretended to wince, despite his smile. "I rarely put myself in social situations, I should apologize in advance for any missteps I suppose."

"Self-awareness is the first step to acceptance."

Will did laugh then. "Of my social anxiety? Are you going to psychoanalyze me, doctor?"

Hannibal tilted his head, just a little, and Will's knees went weak.

It was difficult to describe, and he wasn't sure he'd ever properly managed to, to anyone who had ever asked with the intention of hearing his answer. It wasn't that Will wanted to be subservient to everyone. It wasn't even that he had a niche fetish for being submissive to Omegas in particular. It was that he felt safe knowing that his role as an Alpha was to be a provider, a protector, someone who doted on and worshiped their Omega and catered to their every need. Someone who made another's life richer by being in it.

This was probably why he hadn't had a date in years.

"Perhaps we could save that for the third date," Hannibal replied at last, and Will ducked his head in a nod. "Tonight, let's enjoy dinner together."

“Right.” Will shrugged off his coat, toed off his shoes. He didn’t know what else to do. Hannibal’s home was much more fancy than his own and he felt a little out of his element. Will had the means to live this way, just no desire to. But this home felt like how Hannibal did, secure, warm, strangely familiar, and he didn’t tense as he might have.

The kitchen smelled more of Hannibal than of food. Here, clearly, was where Hannibal was most at home. Every counter, every artifact, the entire room bore his scent in waves.

He poured Will a glass of wine and had him take plates out to the dining room, joining him with a roast that made Will’s mouth water. It was almost excessive for two people, but Will could see the pride Hannibal took in it.

“It smells delicious,” Will said, eager to offer praise. He wasn’t the type for false placation, but he relished any opportunity to adore.

Hannibal preened as well as any other Omega, hiding a proud smirk in his glass. Will felt for the first time that he’d done something right.

“Taste it first,” Hannibal instructed. “Then decide if it’s worthy of praise.”

By the first bite, Will knew it was. He moaned softly around a morsel of meat that melted in his mouth like butter. “I’ve never tasted anything like it,” he said honestly. He rarely took opportunities to indulge in dining finer than fast food drive throughs, but even his unrefined palate knew gourmet when he tasted it.

Dinner was relatively quiet, once in a while Will would point out something he particularly enjoyed and Hannibal accepted the praise with a smile and warmth. Will had to sit very still to hear, but he was purring. A low rumble just lower than the ear could pick up. Will had never felt like he’d done so well by doing so little in his entire life.

“Do you have expectations for the evening?” Hannibal asked him as he gathered their plates to take to the kitchen to wash. Will sighed out and hummed, letting his finger trace the stem of his glass.

“Expectations are dangerous things to have,” he admitted. He felt more than heard Hannibal return to stand behind his chair and leaned back against it, sighing when Hannibal drew a hand through Will’s hair.

“Too often abandoned?” Hannibal mused, and Will swallowed before nodding.

“Yeah.”

“Will it ease your worries if I admit my own apprehension?” Hannibal asked. Will tilted his head back a little further to properly see him. “Not in regards to you… perhaps in regards to myself. Considering I am the common denominator in previously failed courting, it must be me and no one else at fault.”

Will blinked at him. Beautiful, powerful, clever Omega, showing the kind of ‘weakness’ often expected of his dynamic but choking on the words. Will felt the most painful tug to

soothe and reassure, the most aching need to comfort.

So he moved to stand, stepped around the chair and set his palm flat over Hannibal's steady heartbeat. There was not much difference between them in height, but Will found himself immediately ducking his head to nuzzle beneath Hannibal's throat, rather than lifting his chin to offer his own. He nosed at his scent gland, rubbed their cheeks together until Hannibal returned the motion, turned into the touches, sought out on his own.

Then Will parted his lips and licked, just gently, over the sharp line of Hannibal's jaw.

An act of supplication, usually reserved for Omegas trying to placate an upset Alpha. Hannibal sucked in a breath, a mouthful of Will's relaxed scent. He turned his head, rewarding Will with a nudge of their noses.

He *was* perfect, beyond, even. He had surpassed any of Hannibal's expectations for an Alpha, immediately and willingly setting himself into the submissive role that would normally have been meant for Hannibal.

Control seemed to be leaving him in great floods. Hannibal fisted his hands in Will's curls, dragging his head back to nose at his jaw, seeking a proper lungful of his scent, but on his own terms. Will's shuddery whine would have been considered unbecoming on an Alpha. Hannibal found it intoxicating.

Hannibal's teeth grazed over Will's pulse. An Omega bite didn't count as a mating bond, and the threat made Will shudder.

After a moment, Hannibal pulled back, petting Will's hair back into place. "You are impossibly sweet," he found himself saying.

"Is that a good thing?" Will asked breathlessly.

In answer, Hannibal dragged him into a kiss.

Will felt like he was floating. He held to Hannibal gently, hands between them rather than around, keeping him close but not shrouding him and smothering. Instead, it was Hannibal who framed Will's face with his hands and parted his lips first, it was Hannibal who let his hands move down Will's body in obvious appreciation to hold his hips still as he bucked up against him.

Demanding.

Needy.

His cock just large enough to feel against Will's significant bulge as they rocked together. Will wanted to fill him, to lay back and let Hannibal take what he wanted of him, to crawl between Hannibal's legs and worship his cock for hours, taste his slick. Just bask in the smell of him. The thoughts were so bright, so vivid, that Will's entire body shuddered as he pulled away, turning his face blindly against Hannibal as the Omega continued to nuzzle him possessively.

“Will you let me -”

“Yes.”

Will’s whine held the promise of a growl beneath, and he felt his blood heat with the *need* within him. Not to shove and control, not to push and demand, not to whisper, hoarse, against Hannibal’s ear to *present* , but to give him such pleasure that Hannibal lost his voice for it, was exhausted after, needed Will to wipe his brow and kiss his cheek and feed him by hand.

“Where?” Will groaned. “Take me, Hannibal, take me where you want me to go.”

Hannibal *purred* in response, and the sound sent another violent shudder through Will. He led Will up the dark oak staircase, down the hall into a room that *reeked* of him. Will nearly stumbled, overwhelmed to have been brought into the heart of Hannibal’s home, to the bed he nested in.

Hannibal’s huge imposing bed was shoved up against a corner, with a plush duvet to burrow in and heavy curtains that could seal warmth inside. Hannibal guided Will towards it with possessive hands, tugging at his clothes.

“I need you naked,” Hannibal whispered, and Will nearly tripped over himself to obey.

Hannibal himself managed his tie and the buttons of his shirt before he stopped, watching Will with a palpable intensity. He smiled when Will shyly shuffled out of his briefs, reaching between his thighs to cup the growing hardness there.

“Show me what you have to offer me,” he said, stroking Will slowly from root to tip.

Will closed his eyes, tilted his head to the side and groaned. He hadn’t been touched this way in far too long, hadn’t felt someone guide him to hardness with such practiced ease. They fit so well, everything made sense.

“Anything,” Will promised him, voice dropping to something rougher, jagged. His fingers dug into the meat of Hannibal’s arms, not to push away, never to push away. “I want to give you everything.”

Hannibal made a sound, then, entirely at odds with his demeanor, with his posture, his words. He whined. That soft eager noise that Omegas made near their Alpha, encouraging them closer, seeking affection and touch. Will’s cock thickened in Hannibal’s grip and he stepped near enough to nuzzle at Hannibal’s chest. He turned his face and parted his lips around a nipple, relishing the shiver it pulled from the Omega before him.

He continued to rock into Hannibal’s grip while his hands and mouth explored the delicious expanse of skin presented to him. He nipped and sucked, leaving bruises in his wake, his own purr rising in volume as Hannibal brought his other hand down to stroke Will as well, long fingers working him up harder, teasing the leaking head of his cock until Will’s lip drew back in a hiss.

“Stay,” he sighed, eyes glazed when he raised them to Hannibal’s. “Let me.”

Without a word he sank to his knees, Hannibal releasing him as he went, and worked free Hannibal's belt and trousers to tug down his legs. Will pressed his face against the outline of Hannibal's cock in his briefs and mouthed against it, moaning at the scent, powerful enough to have his mouth watering, his cock arching up against his stomach.

He pulled the thin barrier away and took Hannibal into his mouth entirely, root to tip, as one hand sought between his legs to feel him just starting to slick.

This was what Will wanted, what he craved more than anything. The thick scent of Hannibal's arousal surrounded him completely as he sucked, pulling groans from Hannibal's lips, deep, husky sounds that went straight to Will's cock. Hannibal's hands found his hair, holding him tight as Hannibal rocked gently into his mouth.

"You're a greedy thing, aren't you?" Hannibal whispered. It sounded like a compliment, and Will took it as one, moaning with pleasure as one finger pushed gently into Hannibal. He curved it, seeking the spots that would please Hannibal most, that would have him gasping and shaking.

He only managed the barest nudge to Hannibal's prostate before Hannibal was dragging him back by the hair. Will whined, a thick strand of saliva stretching and then breaking between Hannibal's cock and his lips.

"Not like this," Hannibal said, slightly breathlessly. "It won't do to have me collapsing atop you."

Will would have taken it, and happily so, but Hannibal was climbing into the bed, and that was an even better idea.

Hannibal sprawled out amongst his pillows like a king, waiting for the worship of his servants. He patted the space between his thighs, and Will went, crawling on all fours and hoisting Hannibal's legs over his shoulders.

This was Will's heaven. Taking in with every sense the pleasure he was bringing to Hannibal with his mouth, with his submission with his eagerness to draw out the Omega's pleasure until it bordered on pain. Will plunged his tongue into him, moaning at the taste, holding Hannibal open.

Hannibal, for his part, could barely keep his composure. He dropped his head back, kept one hand in Will's hair and panted his pleasure to the ceiling. His thighs trembled, his stomach tensed, pleasure running hot through him like a lash. When his orgasm hit him, he didn't hold back on the sounds he made, didn't hold back on calling Will's name in a voice that was almost plaintive, almost too-soft.

In answer, Will moved from between Hannibal's cheeks to lick his little cock clean, eyes bright and wide, up to look at Hannibal.

He was beautiful.

Flushed and overcome and *regal* where he lay, spread and spent and sweaty, for Will to worship. Hannibal blinked at him slowly, just a hint of the gold around his irises that heat would bring into stark relief.

“Remarkable boy,” he purred, and Will grinned, teeth bared in pleasure and pride both.

“What else?” he sighed, turning his head to kiss the insides of Hannibal’s thighs as he watched him. “What else can I give you?”

“You don’t ask for any relief for yourself?” Hannibal asked curiously.

Will was hard, achingly so, and the heat thrumming underneath his skin made him yearn for completion. But he could not possibly have stopped now, not when he was getting everything he’d ever wanted.

“You’ll tell me when you’re ready for me to come,” Will said.

Hannibal tilted his head, and his smile grew just a little more wicked. “And if I don’t?”

Will moaned softly, cock twitching against the bedspread. “Then I’ll get my pleasure through bringing you yours.”

Hannibal tugged Will up, stealing a kiss from his parted lips. “Get on your back,” he growled, possessive and demanding. Will rolled, staring up at the ceiling, chest heaving as he tried to calm his breath.

Hannibal never gave him the chance. He threw a leg over Will’s, straddling his hips and lining himself up. He had to take Will in slowly, letting his body adjust to the sheer size of him. Will was no help, clinging to the bed sheets to keep himself from thrusting into the wet heat that surrounded him.

He’d never had this before. Never where he was pliant and another moved atop him. Never where he gave pleasure and didn’t take it for himself. Always, Will was the one mounted atop, pressing deep, dizzying himself with how overwhelmingly *right* it felt to be breeding a beautiful body beneath him. But never, not once, had he lain prostrate and let another use him.

He almost came then and there.

Hannibal kept his eyes closed, his hands spread wide over Will’s stomach and chest as he took more and more of Will into himself. When he settled, his ass warm against Will’s slowly swelling knot, he let out a helpless breath and trembled, just holding himself still. Every twitch of muscle, every tense sigh, every pulse of his heart Will could feel through his skin. They were conjoined this way, they were one, for just a moment.

Then Hannibal opened his eyes, gazing at Will as though he’d never seen anything or anyone more interesting, and moved.

“Oh G-” Will moaned, a hand catching in his hair as he arched his neck and grit his teeth. It felt so good. So overwhelmingly, unbelievably, breathlessly good. Hannibal took his time, a

lazy pace that must have been *agony* for him as it was for Will. “Please,” he whispered. “Please, Hannibal, don’t stop.”

“I don’t intend to,” Hannibal assured him, his voice low and gravely. He moved as though he had all the time in the world, slow, steady rocks that put Will’s willpower to the test. He yanked at his own hair to keep from tugging at Hannibal, to resist the call to tip him over and fuck him to screaming. If he did, it would end, and Will never wanted it to end.

Hannibal’s pace picked up, slowly but surely, as his little cock hardened again, leaving smears of sticky fluid against Will’s skin when they rubbed together. He moaned, high and pleased as he used Will’s cock to push himself towards another orgasm, riding him with no care for anything but his own need. He *used* Will, exactly as Will had always wanted to be used, and when he came again, it was Will who cried out.

Hannibal stilled atop him, little cock twitching and dripping the last remnants of his climax. He bit at his own lip, shivering with the aftershocks of pleasure.

“Are you sensitive?” Will asked, licking his lips. “I can take care of you, if you need a break.”

Hannibal’s eyes were sharp when they met his. “If I asked you to spend hours on my pleasure, you would, wouldn’t you?”

“ *Please* ,” Will moaned.

“Where have you been, obedient thing?” Hannibal slid off him, leaking slick, and crawled up Will’s body to straddle his shoulders. “Clean up the mess, and then perhaps I’ll allow you your own relief.”

Will groaned, a purr rumbling in his chest as he opened his mouth to suck Hannibal clean, hands reverent over his hips as he held Hannibal steady and took his time. When he’d licked over Hannibal’s sensitive shaft, over his belly, Hannibal braced himself against the headboard and just watched him. Will blinked lazily up at him, arousal keeping him in a haze, and smiled.

He wanted to be nowhere else. Nowhere but between this man’s legs giving him as many orgasms as his body could handle. He turned his face into Hannibal’s palm when he dropped his hand down to stroke Will’s face, and purred louder. Will was aching between his own legs, cock stiff and leaking, knot almost fully inflated and he didn’t care. It didn’t matter.

“You taste incredible,” Will told him softly, drunk on the smell of him, the taste, the sensation of being so entirely surrounded. Hannibal didn’t stifle the whine that tugged at the back of his throat, and traced Will brows with his thumb.

He was tempted to sit forward and make Will tongue him clean. He was tempted to ride the Alpha’s mouth until his lips were numb and his jaw ached. He was tempted.

But Will’s submission, entirely genuine, entirely *willing* was a drug in and of itself and Hannibal couldn’t resist that; it wasn’t in his nature to. Hannibal eased back until he and Will

were chest to chest, curled his fingers beneath Will's chin and lifted it to kiss him.

"I'm going to ride you," Hannibal murmured, the words so quiet they were part of the purr that spread within him.

"Yes," Will sighed, smile spreading on his face as Hannibal kissed him again.

"You can touch me," Hannibal added, drawing his nose up alongside Will's when his own smile was too wide to continue kissing the man beneath him. "You can make me come again."

"I will," Will promised, hands sliding down Hannibal's back, curving over his thighs, slipping through the slick as he spread Hannibal wider. Together, they worked Will back into Hannibal's body, sounds of pleasure warm and low between them as Hannibal started to rock back against Will's cock, taking more and more of him until both were shaking, breathless with need.

"Will," Hannibal's lip twitched back, predatory, dangerous. "Knot me."

The sound Will made was entirely feral, a hungry growl that Hannibal drank in. Given permission, Will was frantic, hands tight on Hannibal's hips as he fucked up into him.

He'd been walking such a fine line, right on the edge of his pleasure. It was only a matter of moments before Hannibal felt the swell of a knot against his ass, and then Will *tugged* , forcing Hannibal open around his knot. He flooded him with wave after wave of seed, gasping as he twitched through it. His lips found Hannibal's throat, his hand found his cock, and Will ground up into him with a throaty whine, coaxing Hannibal along into his own release.

Hannibal allowed himself to collapse, heavy against Will's chest. Will cradled him like something precious, one arm wrapped tight around him while his free hand twisted up in Hannibal's hair, fingers rubbing gently against his scalp. They would be tied together like this for a while, and as Hannibal caught his breath, a rumbling purr began beneath his chest.

In this, Will was entirely Alpha, soothing his Omega with his purr and his own heartbeat, holding Hannibal as close as he could. Yet Hannibal knew that, should he adjust them, Will would just as eagerly lick over his jaw again and hand Hannibal the reins. Beautiful, intoxicating creature.

"Do you need more?" Will asked. He sounded so genuinely earnest that Hannibal had to laugh.

"No. No more."

Will hummed, turning them to their sides and nuzzling up beneath Hannibal's chin as he continued to hold him. He had never felt so content. Perhaps because this was the first time he had ever truly knotted someone, perhaps because he could feel through Hannibal's own purr, that rumbled low and quiet against his hand, that he had done well…

Hannibal touched him too, now. Knuckles down Will's spine, palm spread warm and wide against the base of it before drawing up to settle between Will's shoulders. Over and over, like a pendulum.

"Thank you," Will said softly, eyes half open. His knot was still tying them together but he'd come back to himself somewhat. He nuzzled against Hannibal's chest and sighed deeply, just breathing him in. "Thank you for this."

As though Hannibal had done him a favor. As though Hannibal himself wasn't floating in a haze of bliss he'd never experienced. His body had ached for a knot, and toys did no justice to the real thing. And to have an Alpha seek to please him so desperately, so achingly as Will -

"Stay the night with me." Hannibal whispered into his hair. His only answer was a tightening of Will's hold in his hair, and warm lips pressing worship against his skin.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

"You're extraordinary," Hannibal murmured, and Will smiled.

"Hardly, in such circles. That title belongs to you. I know nothing of art."

"I quite disagree."

“Don’t be so easily impressed,” Will suggested, “It might go to my head.”

Chapter Notes

They go on a date, and Will proves himself to be the perfect partner for someone like Hannibal

Will stayed the night, and the night after.

When his knot went down, they showered together, Hannibal taking as much care to wash and groom his Alpha as Will did to clean Hannibal. They were quiet, but there was no discomfort there, no awkwardness. They touched, often. They scented each other. They purred. Will couldn’t stop purring.

“There is a dinner,” Hannibal murmured against Will’s hair. They were in bed, half awake and warm, and Will raised his eyes to him. “For an arts society I am a patron of. Tuesday evening. A black tie affair.”

“Sounds incredibly fancy.”

“That it is,” Hannibal smiled. “Would you like to accompany me?”

Will pulled back, searching Hannibal’s face for a moment. He didn’t *do* social things. He didn’t *do* black tie affairs. He wasn’t even sure he had anything that could be considered black tie worthy.

“Yes,” he said, a smile warming his face when Hannibal’s own spread. It thrilled Will. It almost panicked him. But there was also a… tick, a nudge within him that grew into a spark. To prove that he was an Alpha Hannibal would be proud to present as his own. To prove that his Omega was worth being worshiped by no one but himself.

“Yes,” he repeated. “I would like to accompany you.”

He had to get a suit, of course, and have it fitted properly. He had an old suit in a garment bag somewhere, but Hannibal deserved better than that. He deserved Will’s best effort, and so that was what he received.

Hannibal looked immensely pleased when Will arrived on his doorstep, impeccably groomed.

“You cut your hair.”

Will ducked his head sheepishly. He’d gelled his curls into submission, as well, and Hannibal’s admiration brought a pleased blush to Will’s face.

The event was hosted in a large gallery, of the sort that Will never would have entered on his own. People milled about, chatting and nursing large glasses of wine.

“I’ll check our coats,” Will said, when a group gestured for Hannibal to join them. “You go ahead.”

Hannibal looked at him, and then ducked his head to nuzzle Will’s temple, a hand to the base of Will’s spine, before moving away. Will looked after him before turning his attention to the attendant.

Hannibal hadn’t explained much about what the event was for, or what would happen. Just that it was fancy and Hannibal would be expected to socialize and make the rounds. Will understood the unspoken; Will was to socialize and make the rounds with him.

It wasn’t uncommon to have unbonded pairs go into society together, times had changed, after all, but Will still felt a little surge of electricity that tingled his fingertips and shortened his breath. He wasn’t good at being social. He wasn’t good at being *Alpha* in public. And yet…

And yet, he had no qualms seeking out two glasses of champagne and approaching Hannibal to hand him one. He was here with Hannibal, as Hannibal’s invited guest. It would be expected that he would defer, and that, *that* , Will was excellent at.

The gathered people ranged in dynamics, some Omegas huddled in a group and chatted excitedly, some remained in pairs, others wandered about the gallery looking at the paintings, consulting the attendants about the price, the composition, asking after the artist. There was no hierarchy here beyond what natural dynamics demanded and Will found himself smiling. Natural.

“Hannibal,” he murmured, handing him the glass, eyes up to his Omega - *his* , he noted, not for the first time - adoring and pleased.

“Will,” Hannibal replied warmly. He offered his arm, and Will took it with no small amount of pleasure. “Might I introduce you to a few acquaintances of mine?”

Their names didn’t matter. Will would forget them in a few moments anyway, and it was clear from Hannibal’s body language that their connection was one of shared interests rather than fondness. They ran in the same circles, and so spoke to each other as friends, but Hannibal’s reason for introductions was solely to show Will off. Will preened happily, offering cursory greetings and handshakes.

The conversation meant little to Will, as did the event in general. He knew little about art, and had no desire to learn. Instead, he listened to Hannibal, taking in his clear passion for the subject. It seemed obvious, at least to Will, that Hannibal knew a great deal about the gallery.

It was less obvious to the Alpha they ended up speaking to, a boisterous, pompous man who spoke over Hannibal more often than not. Hannibal’s frustration was palpable; it soured his scent and furrowed his brow.

Without thinking about it, without even pausing to consider, Will tilted his head, licking a soothing stripe over the curve of Hannibal’s jaw.

The silence could be cut with a knife. Will stilled entirely, eyes on Hannibal before turning them pointedly to the Alpha and raising a brow.

"I'm sorry, did I interrupt you?"

"I… I -"

That alone was worth the risk. Seeing another so stumped and stumbling, trying to justify what he saw with examples from society and finding few, if any at all. Will hummed, and rested his weight a little more on Hannibal, whose arm curled possessively around Will and squeezed.

"If you'll excuse us," Hannibal inclined his head to the still-stupified Alpha and led them away to seek another party. Will nosed against Hannibal's throat gently, soothing any remaining tension from him.

"You're extraordinary," Hannibal murmured, and Will smiled.

"Hardly, in such circles. That title belongs to you. I know nothing of art."

"I quite disagree."

“Don’t be so easily impressed,” Will suggested, “It might go to my head.”

“I assure you, if I praise you, it will always be well earned.”

Another flood of warmth filled Will’s belly. He nudged his nose against Hannibal’s scent gland with a soft sigh, and let himself be led.

The rest of the evening didn’t matter. Will drifted by on Hannibal’s praise, on the heat of a palm against his lower back. He felt *desirable* , for the first time in a long time.

When the evening ended and Will had fetched their coats, Hannibal's satisfaction radiated off him in waves. In the parking lot, he pinned Will against the car, kissing him so soundly that it left Will dizzy.

"It comes entirely naturally to you," he murmured, trailing his lips down Will's throat. "Do you know what a temptation you are when you look at me like that?"

Will's sigh shivered from him and he closed his eyes with a smile, arching his back,tilting his chin up. Vulnerable, entirely, for Hannibal.

"A terrible one, I hope," Will murmured, and laughed when Hannibal teased his teeth against Will's pulse. God, he was in a haze of bliss, entirely, as though he and Hannibal had just spent hours in bed together rather than in public, at an event.

He reached up to spread a hand over Hannibal's heart, setting his feet wider so Hannibal could step closer and pin him harder. It took a lot not to moan out loud. When Hannibal's purr rumbled through his chest, Will shivered, ducking his head to nuzzle against him.

"I wanted to be nowhere else," he whispered. "Just at your side, showing the world you're mine, showing them -"

"Will…" Hannibal's 'warning' tone, one that suggested pleasure, always, and reprimand never. Not yet.

"What did you want to do?" He sighed. "What do you want to do now?"

"Own you," Hannibal growled, and Will couldn't help it, he did whine that time. He turned to lick him again, gentle, soothing, submissive little things, and rocked his hips up to show Hannibal how hard he was getting.

"You can," Will promised, breathless and soft. "I want you to."

"Not here," Hannibal said, voice tinged with regret. He tried to pull away, and Will whined unhappily, hands clenching tight on Hannibal's jacket. "Will."

Will slowly let his grip slacken. Hannibal's soft kiss against his jaw was a reward, as was his next statement.

"Given the opportunity, I would have you in the backseat," He promised, "But I need to be able to return to this gallery in the future."

Will shuddered, baring his throat for Hannibal's teeth to graze.

"Into the car," Hannibal commanded. Will obeyed without a second's hesitation.

The car ride seemed to last forever. Will felt like he was electrified, every hair standing on end as he breathed in Hannibal's heady scent. He smelled like sweetness and slick, warm with arousal and tinged with the subtle musk of his cologne. He made Will's mouth water and his cock thicken in his pants, and Will's hands were shaking when they finally stumbled into the entryway.

Hannibal gave him no time to adjust. He had Will pressed up against the door, his teeth nipping at Will’s lower lip. Will moaned and widened his stance, welcoming Hannibal’s body against his own.

"Tell me," Will groaned, hands in Hannibal's hair, "tell me what you want."

"I want you bare," Hannibal said, tone low, his purr deeper and warmer with his need. "Here. Right now."

Will bit his lip and nodded quickly. The thought sent shivers up his spine. Even though they were in the house, doors closed, evening shrouding the windows, someone could still look in. Someone could still see. And god, *god* …

Will worked free his tie and let it drop to the floor between their feet. His jacket next, moaning when Hannibal caught it still clinging to Will's wrists and held him pinned.

"You would have gone," Hannibal murmured against Will's throat as the other stayed still and trembled. "To your knees, right there in front of them all, wouldn't you?"

"You need only say the word," Will gasped. "I'll do it."

Hannibal whined, low and deliberate, and Will felt an answering sound catch in his throat.

"Bare. Now."

"Yes, Hannibal," Will was *drugged* on him. His voice, commands, promises… he shrugged out of his jacket and worked just enough buttons on his shirt open to be able to yank it over his head.

Hannibal pulled back to watch him, his eyes bright and gold-tinged. If Will was ever lucky enough to share one of his heats, the eyes alone would kill him. He scrambled out of his pants, shoving his briefs down to join them. His cock was thick between his thighs, ruddy with arousal and widening at the base.

“You shouldn’t offer me so much of yourself,” Hannibal warned, wrapping a warm hand around Will’s shaft. Will bit back a moan, leaning back to brace himself against the door as Hannibal stroked. “I may take it all.”

“Please do,” Will whispered. “Have it. Let me give you everything, let me take care-” He cut himself off with a groan, head dropping back against the door.

“You want to care for me?” Hannibal asked. “Do as I say? Give me pleasure?” He crowded Will’s space, lips brushing his throat with every word.

“Yes, god yes,” Will gasped. His hands balled into fists, resisting the urge to haul Hannibal against him properly. He wanted to touch him, all of him, until they could no longer be seperated.

“You pleased me today,” Hannibal assured him. “Without my even needing to ask. You deserve a reward for that.” The soft brush of his lips trailed down, over Will’s collarbone,

teasingly skirting a nipple. When Hannibal went to his knees, Will whined.

“I think I’ll always seek to please you,” Will sighed, eyes closed and head back against the door. He didn’t think further into that, not how permanent it sounded, not how vulnerable it made him. Those things didn’t matter. What mattered was Hannibal’s pleasure that overflowed into Will’s own. What mattered was how desperately Will wanted to serve, and how Hannibal had never once taken advantage of that.

When Hannibal leaned in to nuzzle against Will’s cock, Will shoved a hand against his mouth and shuddered, knees weak and spreading wider for Hannibal. When guided to, he dropped his free hand to Hannibal’s hair and curled there, scratching lightly at his scalp as Hannibal proceeded to tease Will with kitten-licks and puffs of warm breath. Will responded to every shift and sound, every gentle motion. He didn’t buck up, though he desperately wanted to, he didn’t shove Hannibal down, though that desire was bubbling up beneath his skin as well. He wanted Hannibal to give him whatever he felt Will deserved, so that Will, after, could pleasure him as well.

Hannibal wrapped his lips around the head of Will’s cock and he hissed through his teeth, a whine low and warm humming from his throat.

“ *Omega* …” Will couldn’t imagine anything more beautiful than Hannibal as he was; poised and prim and handsome, on his knees for Will. he couldn’t imagine wanting anything more than to always have him so pleased, so desirous that he chose to do this for him. “God, Hannibal, yes.”

Hannibal teased him, slow and playful. He sucked gently at the head, tongue playing over the slit. Will could have been happy with just that, his knees weak as he clung to Hannibal, careful not to tug but still clutching for dear life.

Of course, Hannibal would never have been satisfied with such a little thing. His jaw slackened as he took more and more of Will in, sucking messily as he bobbed his head. He might have been on his knees giving Will pleasure, but his self-satisfaction was evident in every motion. He was in control, he was the reason behind Will’s gasps and whines of pleasure. He hummed around Will, rewarding him for every little whisper of ‘Omega’ or ‘Hannibal, please.’

Hannibal’s lips brushed Will’s growing knot, aching without any pressure to squeeze it. It was a tease Will could barely stand, struggling to hold himself together.

“Close,” he finally ground out, and Hannibal pulled off with a slick ‘pop.’

“No,” he growled. “If you knot, it’s inside me, not wasted out here.”

Will groaned, nodding hastily.

Hannibal leaned in to nuzzle Will’s knot, mouthing the skin, breathing deeply, taking in Will’s scent where he was most pure, most Alpha. He relished how Will shuddered above him, how despite his desperation he never once told Hannibal to stop, never once pulled him away, never once used his strength.

And Will wasn't weak.

Not when he wanted to be strong. Not when Hannibal wanted him to be strong.

"Hannibal please -" Will keened, shaking, and Hannibal allowed him mercy. For now.

When he stood, he caught Will's cheek and yanked him near, feeding him the taste of himself. Will kissed back hard enough that he drew blood, and Hannibal went damn near feral.

"Remarkable, tempting thing," Hannibal whispered, a palm spread over Will's throat. Will immediately raised his chin, eyes red-reflective, teeth bared in pleasure and challenge both.

"Yours," he purred back. Hannibal's lip twitched in a snarl and he kissed Will again, pressing him flush to the wall, his clothed body against Will's bare one. He allowed the clutching hands in his hair, the nails that dragged down his back.

"Get upstairs," Hannibal whispered, nuzzling hard against Will's cheek as Will turned against him, just as fervent, just as needy. "In my bed. I want you to fuck me ragged."

'Get upstairs' proved to be a greater challenge than Will had expected. He kept wanting to stop, to nuzzle at the sweet haze of Hannibal's scent, to bare his throat and be met with teeth. In the end, Hannibal had to coax him with a growl, low and dangerous, before Will would turn properly and race for the bedroom.

Once there, he crawled backwards onto the bed, staring at Hannibal with wide, eager eyes. His cock was on prominent display, ready for whatever Hannibal would demand.

Hannibal stripped briskly, but neatly, tidying his clothes away before he would step within reaching distance. Will dared to let a hand slip over the curve of his ass, fingers searching, and found him slick and ready.

"Should I allow you the illusion of control?" Hannibal murmured, sliding one knee onto the bed, half crouched and crowding Will with his scent. "Let you atop me, knowing that every move you make is because I grant it?"

Will sucked in a breath, his hand tightening on Hannibal's skin. Hannibal bared his teeth in playful warning.

"Can you behave, if I give you such a treat?"

Will grinned. "Yes."

Hannibal pretended to consider. He pretended to change his mind, to falter, and Will squirmed beneath him, hard and needy. In truth, were Hannibal to tell him he was to lie back and not move, and that Hannibal would take his pleasure of him, Will would be content. Were Hannibal to tie him down and leave Will unsatisfied, because it would please him, Will would be content.

But when the Omega ducked his head, teased his teeth over Will's throat and murmured against him that he allowed it, that he wanted Will behind him, over him, around him, Will *moaned* .

In a moment, he had Hannibal on his back instead, pressing down against him, hands reverent over his skin, spreading through the hair on his chest as Will kissed him soundly. There was a part of Will, a part he would excuse as base and instinctual, that wanted to tell Hannibal to present, to bend over, to submit. And it thrummed heat through him that Will could barely control.

But he did control it. And his eager petting extended no further than worshiping the body beneath his.

"How do you want me?" Will asked him, a purr growing warm in his chest as he watched Hannibal stretch and preen beneath him, himself not unaffected by how they moved against each other, how they smelled together, how they felt.

"As you are," Hannibal replied. "I want to watch you succumb to pleasure. I've rarely seen anything so beautiful,"

Will shivered, overcome for a moment, and pressed their foreheads together in a fierce nuzzle before dropping his hand to cup Hannibal's tiny cock and stroke him mercilessly. He didn't relent until Hannibal came, and only then he stopped only long enough to bring his hand to his lips and lick his fingers clean.

Hannibal hummed happily at the sight, his thighs parting to welcome Will between them. He was slick and wanting when Will touched him, shivering with pleasure when he rubbed a finger over his entrance.

"I want to make you come," Will said. "I want to make you come until you can't anymore, until you have to tell me to stop. I want to bring you so much pleasure, you *laugh* at other Alphas."

Hannibal cupped Will's jaw, his fingers surprisingly gentle despite his smirk. "What could they offer me, when I have you so willing? I could have you begging if I chose, or silent. Above or beneath me. Would you let me fuck you, if I wanted to?"

"Yes," Will said without hesitation, "But I could make you feel so much better this way."

Hannibal laughed, wrapping a leg around Will's to drag him close. "Pretty words. Show me."

Will cupped his hand around one of Hannibal's thighs, widening the gap and settling himself in between. He sank into Hannibal with a low groan, hiding the sound in the arch of Hannibal's throat. It was different this way, not necessarily better, but *more* than having Hannibal sit astride him. He could feel Hannibal's sensitive gasp, pressed chest to chest as he rocked deeper into him.

He wanted him. He wanted him so much that Will ached with it. The days between seeing each other Will found himself sleepless and needy, seeking out the last of Hannibal's scent on

the clothes he'd worn to Hannibal's home. Now, he took in as much as he could, breathing in greedily, feeling drunk on him as Will started to slowly thrust in and out of the Omega beneath him.

Beneath him, Hannibal gritted his teeth and arched up from the bed, hands moving above his head to curl elegant fingers over the headboard as Will slowly fucked him. Will watched. He couldn't take his eyes off him. Hannibal noticed, his smile pulling wide before he let his eyes open, watching Will sidelong as he nuzzled against his arm.

"Deeper," he commanded, and Will shoved in hard on the next thrust in. Hannibal bared his teeth. "Not faster," he said, and Will ducked his head to kiss him as he obeyed that too. Thrusts slow, languid, but much deeper, pushing in hard enough to pulse breath from Hannibal's lips with every movement.

Will was going to lose his mind if this is the pace they kept. He was already dizzy with want, desperate to please, and Hannibal was teasing him, tormenting him with his power, even prone as he was. Will's knot started to swell, pressing up tempting against Hannibal's thighs.

"Pull back," Hannibal groaned, eyes half open, gold peeking through beneath long lashes. "Shallow. Fast. Move."

It was an entirely new torture. Finally, Will could fuck Hannibal as fast as he wanted, but his knot recieved no pressure, not even a teasing graze. Will hid a curse against Hannibal's shoulder, drowned out by the soft sounds of Hannibal's pleasure.

"Omega," Will pleaded, helpless to do anything but obey, "Hannibal, please."

"No," Hannibal growled, teeth bared. "No, you'll make *me* come first. Without your hands," he added, when Will shifted.

Will sobbed, half pleasure and half despair. He moved as he was commanded, shallow one moment, deep the next. Faster and slower, until he thought surely he would knot regardless of pressure.

"Like that!" Hannibal gasped, back arching beneath Will. He rolled his hips, pushing up into every thrust, demanding as much with his body as his words. "Just like that, Will, don't you dare stop."

He didn't.

He couldn't, even if he'd wanted to.

Seeing Hannibal this way was extraordinary, when he succumbed to his base instincts and let himself whine, needy and high, for the pleasure Will gave him. Sweat slipped down Will's face, he held himself over Hannibal and moved exactly as he wanted, watching Hannibal writhe and shudder and squirm beneath him.

And then he came, spurts of white over his belly and chest, his breath hitching in his throat as Hannibal dropped one arm down to grasp Will by his curls and pull him close into a sloppy

open-mouthed kiss.

“Now,” he breathed, composure lost, desire hot and thrumming through him as he trembled under Will. “ *Now,* fuck me properly.”

Will’s growl was damn near feral. He pinned Hannibal and set his teeth to his collarbone, so as not to be tempted, in his passion, to bite a claim into his throat instead. One hand shoved Hannibal’s wrist to the bed again, the other spread his leg wider and pressed close, rutting down against him, fucking in deep and fast and hard enough fo Hannibal to whimper needy little noises beneath him.

He was close. He was so damn close.

He wanted to fill Hannibal up and do it again, over and over, so Hannibal smelled of him for days, *weeks* after.

Will curled his shoulders and grasped Hannibal’s hips and shoved harder into him, holding Hannibal still, now, rather than letting the Omega work himself against him, taking his pleasure in rough, desperate shoves. His knot slapped up against Hannibal’s balls, Will’s whine echoed Hannibal’s own, and he *pushed,* filling Hannibal with wave upon wave of seed.

He kept himself crowded over Hannibal, gasping for breath, his knot locked firmly inside Hannibal’s warm and willing body. Will imagined, for a second, that Hannibal was fertile, and he was filling him up to breed him, satiating the need that would burn through him during heat. When Hannibal shifted, Alpha protectiveness mixed with Will’s own need to submit, and he whined in distress.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Hannibal assured him. “Just getting more comfortable. As should you.”

Slowly, Hannibal coaxed Will to lay against him, his nose tucked flush to Hannibal’s scent gland. Will was dizzy from the scent of satisfied Omega, his knot twitching and pulsing another wave of seed into Hannibal.

Hannibal stroked down Will’s spine, rubbing at the small of his back. “Such a good Alpha,” he praised with a soft moan. “Filling me. Protecting me.”

Will hummed his agreement, pressing closer to shield Hannibal fully with his body.

He was slighter, but that didn’t stop him. He pressed near and rested against Hannibal until his heart slowed a little. Then Will shifted so that Hannibal could breathe him in as well, and stroked his fingers through Hannibal’s fair hair.

“Such a good Omega,” he replied, and the tone wasn’t patronizing, wasn’t coddling or degrading. “Letting me take care of you.”

Will lay against Hannibal and smiled, eyes closed still, when he felt Hannibal begin to purr. He was heavy and sleepy against Will, legs moving to tangle with Will’s, muscles tensing and relaxing over Will’s knot, gently coaxing him to stay there, tied to him. After a while, Will

turned his nose against Hannibal's and parted his lips for a gentle kiss when Hannibal offered it.

"May I stay the night?"

Not *I'm going to* , or *You're coming home with me* , or *What are we doing?*

Because Will would do whatever Hannibal wanted him to. Whatever Hannibal asked of him. He wanted nothing else.

"Please do," Hannibal replied, kissing Will again. And again. Until the Alpha's purr was as loud as his own, and they were smiling too wide to keep their lips together any more.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> *He had even offered to make Hannibal a nest for his heat, which gave the Omega pause for a moment. No one had ever offered such a thing before. No one had ever cared enough to. It was always assumed that a nest was the Omega's duty, and while it was a very personal act that many Omegas chose to perform on their own, it was not uncommon for a pair to make one together. It was rare that the Alpha should offer to do it on his own.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As Hannibal's heat approached, he asked to spend more and more time with Will.

As often as they were intimate, they would spend time just pressed together, listening to music, reading. Will carded his fingers through Hannibal's hair until he purred, stretched out on the couch in his home office, and spent the night as often as he could manage.

"My heats are not lengthy," Hannibal had told him, "but some have been known to be intense."

"Perhaps a knot will help," Will allowed gently, remembering Hannibal's history of not allowing himself to be claimed that way before. He was nervous. As much as they clearly enjoyed each other, a heat was something else entirely. It ran almost fully on instinct, and Will worried that it would be the moment he would break the delicate tether of their connection.

By being authoritative. By being dominant. By being just like every other Alpha.

He didn't need to voice his concerns for Hannibal to read them clearly on his face. He cupped Will's cheeks and kissed his forehead.

"I want you to spend my heat with me," he assured him. "I want that very much."

Will shuddered, tilting his head to nuzzle his nose along Hannibal's throat, licking once over his jaw. "I want to be good for you," he whispered.

"You are," Hannibal assured him, "and you will be. Such a perfect Alpha, how could I ask for anything better?"

Something in Will, something small and insecure, wanted to argue. Fear lingered in him, nervousness that he might not live up to his own expectations.

But Hannibal tilted Will's head up and licked a stripe over Will's jaw, not submissive, but placating, soothing. Will blinked away doubt, reaching for Hannibal's hand.

"I want to be here with you," he whispered. "I want to take care of you. Keep you satisfied."

Hannibal smiled. "I certainly hope you will."

Considering Hannibal's penchant for cooking, Will made sure to ask if he should bring anything to sustain him throughout his heat. Hannibal was charmed beyond words, but declined. He could make his own meals, and those for Will. He still delighted in the fact that Will asked him, deferred to him, made sure to have Hannibal know he was in control without being patronizing or indifferent.

In truth, Hannibal had never felt so connected to another before. Certainly, Will submitting to him was a major factor, but the rest of who Will was was just as enticing and interesting to him. Will was clever but not pedantic, he kept dogs and spoke of them as highly as many people speak of their offspring, he was attentive to Hannibal's wants and needs even when they weren't together; asking about his day, offering to listen should he need to be heard, reminding him how special, how beautiful, how unique Hannibal was without being overbearing.

He had even offered to make Hannibal a nest for his heat, which gave the Omega pause for a moment. No one had ever offered such a thing before. No one had ever cared enough to. It was always assumed that a nest was the Omega's duty, and while it was a very personal act that many Omegas chose to perform on their own, it was not uncommon for a pair to make one together. It was rare that the Alpha should offer to do it on his own.

Hannibal had allowed it, curious to see how Will would go about building this space for him. He had given Will free reign of the house and its contents for its construction, and the spare room in which to build it. For a day, Will remained upstairs, only once in a while showing up where Hannibal sat reading, to kiss his hair or nuzzle against him, promising that he was almost finished.

When Hannibal finally saw the nest, he was speechless. It was tasteful and comfortable, wide enough for two, in colors that Hannibal preferred. There was no ostentatious fluff; no patterned cushions that would dig into sensitive skin, no drapery, no gossamer nets - Hannibal had read about awful experiences some Omegas had with courting Alphas. No, this nest was soft and warm, within, Will had even packed some of his shirts, to keep his smell in the nest for Hannibal until they were in it together.

It took all of Hannibal's not insignificant willpower to not use it immediately.

When Hannibal finally called, voice already a little rougher than usual, breathing deeper and heavier, to tell Will his heat was starting, the Alpha arrived in record time and immediately nuzzled close.

"Your scent," he whispered, face shoved into Hannibal's neck. "God, Hannibal, you smell so…"

Hannibal could relate. He'd spent the morning tweaking the nesting room, just tiny adjustments to ensure maximum comfort. He'd burrowed into the nest afterwards with his nose in one of Will's shirts.

Hannibal had never submitted to an Alpha, and he never would, but *presenting* did not have to be submissive. Not when Will was here on his allowance, to sate *his* desires.

"Upstairs," Hannibal gasped. "Upstairs immediately, Will, or I'll have you mount me in the hall."

Will groaned, a sound that shuddered through them both. He pulled Hannibal along with him, not quite demanding, but more insistent than he might otherwise be. His instincts screamed at him to protect, to shield, and they were too exposed here. His Omega belonged safely in the nest, where he could be worshipped and loved and *safe.*

Will closed the door behind them when they reached the room and immediately pulled Hannibal close to kiss him. It was eager, and needy, and hot, but Will instantly gave Hannibal the upper hand when the other growled against him and gripped Will's hair.

Hannibal was dressed down considering how he usually presented himself; just a shirt and slacks, nothing more. Sweat was already sticking the fabric to his shoulders and arms, and Will could smell the slick on him. God, he was soaked, already so desperate for Will and *letting him* be here. When they pulled back long enough to catch their breath, Will saw the beautiful golden corona around Hannibal's eyes. The same gold that had held Will still the first time he'd seen them stare him down through his phone screen months ago.

"God, you're beautiful you know that?" Will whispered, unblinking as he held Hannibal's gaze and reached for his shirt to start to work it open, hands spreading over Hannibal's chest as soon as he could touch it. "Excruciatingly so. You drive me mad."

"Good," Hannibal groaned as Will dug his nails in and drew them down his chest. His instincts *screamed* at him to bare himself, to whimper and whine and present and beg. But he couldn't. He could not, he'd *tried* in his youth and failed.

But with Will… with Will he didn't have to.

He shoved Will, or maybe Will pulled him. Whichever, they moved together, tumbling down into the nest, on their sides, face to face. Will kept touching him, hands big and warm as he worked Hannibal free of his clothes. He sucked in a breath when Hannibal was bared to him, eyes red and wide.

Will didn't know where to *start* . What he wanted, truly, was to bury himself between Hannibal's thighs, at the source of that intoxicating scent, and stay there.

But that would not have satisfied Hannibal's need. Instead, Will shrugged out of his own clothes, pressing himself close so Hannibal could feel the heat of his erection.

"Whatever you want," Will promised, voice husky with his desire. "Anything, Hannibal. Sweet Omega."

After a moment, Hannibal rolled Will onto his back, too needy to wait, or indeed to do anything but seek out relief. He straddled Will's hips, sinking down onto him with a pleased whine.

Will dropped his head back to bare his throat and watched Hannibal fuck himself through half-closed eyes. His hands dug into his fevered skin, his teeth gritted and bared as he fought with himself not to shove Hannibal down and *take him* . There would be time. Surely there would be a moment when Hannibal would want to be taken as an Omega would, in heat. Surely. And if not?

Then Will would take him any way Hannibal would give himself over.

After a while, Will heard himself start to speak. It was entirely involuntary, something he often did when he pleasured himself, something he had done before with partners in bed. It was a mixture of filth and praise, soft whispers and kinky promises, and he couldn't stop.

"I'm going to fill you up," he purred, voice low, hands seeking over Hannibal's sides. "Have you dripping, smelling of me, covered in me inside and out. *God* you extraordinary thing I will worship you."

Whether Hannibal heard him or not was irrelevant, the fact that Will spoke to him, touched him, didn't drag Hannibal down, didn't pin him face down in his nest - the nest Will had made him - brought Hannibal to a stuttered quick orgasm as he continued to fuck back against Will's cock.

"More," he managed, gasping, and Will immediately curled his hand around Hannibal's spent little cock to stroke him up again.

"Beautiful Omega," Will moaned, free hand squeezing Hannibal's ass, urging him faster, harder down against him, fingers slipping through the slick. "I'll fill myself with you, too. Spread your legs and lick you clean, suck that sweet cock between my lips and make you come - *oh* - "

Hannibal clenched hard around him and Will shuddered, nails digging in to Hannibal's side as he cupped his cock and teased the head. His knot was swelling quick and he wanted it in Hannibal. He *needed it* .

"As often as I can, as often as you want," Will babbled, hips shifting upwards involuntarily as Hannibal whined, helpless to his instincts, and shoved down harder.

"I want it," Hannibal said, "I want it, I want- *now,* Alpha." Any further words stuttered and died in his throat, as Will's grip tightened on his waist and he arched up, fucking hard into Hannibal's body, forcing him down onto his knot. Hannibal cried out, clenching around him as another orgasm hit him, seed splattering against Will's chest. He wavered, fire temporarily soothed, and Will rolled them, covering Hannibal bodily.

"Omega," Will whined, hips jerking helplessly in minute motions, wave after wave of pleasure milked from him by Hannibal's body. Hannibal purred, pleased, and ran a warm palm down Will's spine, coaxing him into stillness as they laid together, locked in place.

“Pretty Alpha,” Hannibal whispered, clinging tight to Will. “ *Obedient* Alpha.”

Will moaned, trailing kisses along Hannibal’s throat. Even knotted, both of them temporarily soothed by orgasm, he couldn’t seem to tamp down on his desire. He wanted to keep Hannibal here, beneath him, safe and shielded. He wanted to fuck him for hours, until Hannibal’s voice was hoarse and he could finally, finally rest.

More than that, he wanted to be *good* . He wanted Hannibal to be pleased with him, to walk out of this heat feeling satisfied. He mouthed over Hannibal’s jaw, needing to reassure himself as much as Hannibal.

He licked, a gentle, soothing thing, and nuzzled against Hannibal’s scent gland, breathing in lungfuls of him. “I’ve never been more content than when I see you happy,” he admitted softly, pushing himself up just enough to see Hannibal better, to meet his eyes. “You deserve to be given everything you want.”

Hannibal drew his knuckles up and down Will’s cheek, thumbing beneath his eye before spreading his hand in Will’s curls instead. He felt truly adored by Will. There was no sense of pressure, no underlying hatred of being *made* to submit; Will wanted to, as desperately as Hannibal wanted him to.

“You deserve to be loved for who you are,” Hannibal replied after a while, nuzzling close, nose to nose with the beautiful man above him, inside him. Hannibal knew that there were some minutes more before lust overtook him again and he and Will were incoherent in their rutting pleasure. So he enjoyed the soft silence between them while they had it, catching Will’s mouth in soft, teasing kisses, nosing against him, pressing their cheeks together, lifting his chin to allow Will to lick him gently, over and over.

When desire overcame them, again, Will had Hannibal on his back, fucking deep and fast into him, allowing the Omega to leave bitemarks up and down his chest; claiming, possessive, desperate things. Will would wear them with pride, look at them when they weren’t together. He was close, still babbling senseless filth and need against Hannibal’s lips when the Omega grasped his hair and tugged, Will revealing his throat to him obediently.

But instead of a tease, instead of Hannibal’s teeth just grazing Will’s skin, when Will knotted inside him, pulsing seed and heat into his body, Hannibal bit down, hard, and broke the skin.

The noise Will made was shocked and ragged. He’d yearned, he’d *hoped,* but he hadn’t dared to think it would happen. If Hannibal never wanted to be claimed, Will would have respected that, and loved him anyway for as long as Hannibal allowed.

But instead, Hannibal had claimed *him* , and tears blossomed in Will’s eyes as he whimpered, shuddering when Hannibal licked soothingly over the wound he’d left behind.

“Should’ve asked,” Hannibal murmured, still breathless from his orgasm, “but you were already mine, weren’t you?”

“ *Yes* ,” Will moaned, ducking his head until they were nose to nose, sharing air and smiles.

“I want you to listen,” Hannibal said. “Listen to me, while I’m clear headed, and obey. Can you do that?”

“Of course I can,” Will murmured, brow furrowed.

“Good.” Hannibal cupped Will’s jaw, nuzzling their noses together. “The next time heat takes me, I want you to bite back.”

Will’s breath shuddered from him and all he could do was kiss Hannibal before he whimpered. He tasted iron. He tasted need. With a groan he filled Hannibal with more seed and rocked their foreheads together with a sigh.

“Beautiful,” Will smiled. “I’m going to spend the rest of my life worshiping you.”

Hannibal purred, deep and low and content, eyes barely open but ringed with gold so clearly. He didn’t preen, didn’t confirm that yes, Will would be worshiping him, because they both knew the truth - this was mutual, this was wanted, and this was perfect. Will closed his eyes and rested heavy against Hannibal, fingers toying with the hair on his chest.

“And when you grow heavy with our pups,” he added, voice almost slurred in pleasure, “I will wait on you hand and foot. Wash your hair and feed you. Build us a proper family nest. Keep you safe and warm.”

“Yessss,” the word left Hannibal in a hiss, and he trembled, body responding to the sound of his Alpha, the word *pups* , the thought of their family. When Will’s knot was small enough to slip free, Hannibal gently pushed him back until Will sat up and back on his heels. Then, eyes on Will, Hannibal drew his own knees up, turned to his front, and *presented* .

Will whined.

“Alpha,” Hannibal’s voice was as commanding, as regal as always, but bent as he was, Will’s lust was damn near deafening. “Will,” he spread his legs, arched his back, and Will was on him before he could stop himself, before he could take his time and be the gentleman. Because his Omega was presenting for him, his beautiful, dominant, independent Omega wanted to be *mounted* and Will couldn’t deny him anything.

He seemed to slip into Hannibal so much more easily now, filling him in a fluid thrust that pulled a whine from his lips. Will kissed his shoulder, his throat, and pulled back to fuck in a little harder.

They paired together perfectly. Will fit over Hannibal, pressed tight against the curve of his spine. His hands slid down to cover Hannibal’s, their bodies moving together perfectly. This was how they were made to fit together, how they were meant to be, and Will felt an aching tug in his belly. His Omega. *His* .

Will’s orgasm crept up on him. He slipped a hand beneath Hannibal, stroking him in time with his thrusts, coaxing him into his own release. As Hannibal tightened and cried out, Will sank his teeth into his throat, low enough to hide, low enough for Hannibal to make the choice to show it off. He bit, tasting blood, tasting *Hannibal* .

Will rolled onto his side when his knot inflated, pulling Hannibal with him and cradling him against his chest. He pet over Hannibal's stomach, still flat but no doubt destined to swell as his heat progressed.

"Beautiful, brilliant Omega," he praised, his voice a purr. Hannibal's answering purr spoke louder than any words could. The two of them, curious, misfit things, found a way to fit together.

Will woke Hannibal with coffee and a kiss, nuzzling him as his mate slowly awoke from slumber.

"Good morning."

"Is it morning?"

"It is," Will smiled. "Very very early morning."

Hannibal's heat had finished hours before, and Will had come to himself much quicker than Hannibal had. He continued to nuzzle him, kneeling in the nest he'd built them as he watched Hannibal take in his body, his own, before accepting the coffee.

"I've drawn you a bath," Will continued. "There are fresh sheets on your bed if you'd like to rest after."

Hannibal blinked at him languidly, tilting his head to regard the beautiful man before him, still undressed, hair tugged out of shape and order. "And you?"

"I'll disassemble the nest and start laundering it," Will smiled, zero hesitation before his answer. "And then join you for breakfast."

Such a sweet, attentive thing. Hannibal would be happy to keep him, but there were things he would have to learn. "No," he said, stretching slowly. "You'll join me in the bath, and *then* you can launder the nest."

Will blinked, and then smiled, slow and sweet. "Can I wash you?" He asked, in that hopeful tone that would get him whatever he wanted with Hannibal.

"Naturally."

They were too tired and sore for more sex, but the intimacy of a long, hot bath together left them both sleepy and satisfied. Will washed Hannibal with gentle hands, trailing kisses down the side of his throat as he paid extra, loving attention to his stomach.

"I'm not on birth control," Hannibal said, breaking the silence. "It's not too late to do something about it, of course, but I was being… we'll say 'hopeful.'"

Will stilled for a moment, then tucked his nose against Hannibal's hair and breathed him in, gently curling his arms around him, palms warm on Hannibal's belly.

"Would you like to do something about it?" Will asked. Hannibal hummed.

“No,” he tilted his head back, allowing Will to nuzzle beneath his chin. “Otherwise I would have taken the proper precautions.”

“Good,” Will agreed. “Let’s wait and see.”

Hannibal brought a hand down to slip his fingers with Will’s, just holding him a moment before bringing his hand up to kiss his palm.

“Let’s,” he said.

The first heat didn’t take, though neither were surprised. Will soothed Hannibal’s quiet disappointment with kisses and a promise to try again. In the time between heats, they sought a house together, and properly started their lives as a bonded, mated pair.

Will doted on Hannibal in every possible way, and found his efforts not only appreciated but enjoyed; Hannibal offering his own adoration with purring hugs and closeness, delicious meals, wanting to reach out and touch Will always, regardless of where they were.

The second heat took.

Hannibal insisted on working up until he absolutely had to stop, and Will did everything in his power to support him throughout. Both agreed that they should take time away when the pup was born, and Will put in for shorter hours, and when those were denied agreed to remain as an on-call consultant for the duration of his leave so he wouldn’t be called to crime scenes and someone else could take his classes for him. Hannibal had his own practice.

Hannibal grew, features softening, stomach rounding. Will could keep neither eyes nor hands off him, always needing to nuzzle, to lick, to caress.

Hannibal indulged him with glee. When the time came for him to stay home, he spent long hours curled into Will, enjoying back rubs and sweet kisses over his jaw and the curve of his stomach.

The pup came on an early winter morning. Tiny, fragile. Will was as instantly devoted to him as he had been to Hannibal.

Loneliness was a foreign concept. Will’s sun rose and set on his family. Just as it was meant to.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for enjoying their journey with us! We loved writing this dynamic so damn much TT_TT

End Notes

***Incalescent**: growing hotter, or more ardent.*

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